

ter to board five or six weeks each during the year, for it was then the fashion for teachers to board around, particularly in the rural districts. I know I thought it something of a tax to put up teachers' and children's dinners so many weeks in the year, and what I remember as one of my worst tasks was going around into the cold rooms in winter—for we never kept but one fire—and making up five or six beds. It is almost a wonder the little children did not freeze sleeping in those great cold rooms; but I did my best to try to keep them comfortable, going around to their rooms every night and tucking up the bedclothes until they were fairly grown up. My husband used to tell me I made a slave of myself for my children; but I did it with a free will, and would do the same again if I were to live my life over again. When my little boy died I know I nearly mourned myself to death: and then how glad I was I had always tried to make him happy and comfortable. And then, when the other two boys went off to California, I was glad I had always been so good and motherly to them. They were young, one sixteen and the other eighteen. It seemed almost like burying them to let them go; but their father thought it might be the best for them in the end. But he did not live long enough afterward to know whether they were successful or not, having died in less than a year after they went. They have now been there six years, have both married, and write that they do not much more than make a good living.

"Don't they ever send you any money, either?"

"No, they don't know but I have plenty to be comfortable, as I have never written to them about Cal's unkind behavior."

"I should write and tell them all about it, Mrs. Williams, for I should say he is the greatest scamp outside of prison walls."

"Only selfish, Mrs Blandon, that is all," replied the poor old lady, tears gushing from her eyes.

"Well, do your two California boys write you kind and frequent letters?"

"They do not write very often, having families of their own to care for, but write kindly, though not as I do to them."

"I am glad I never had any children, Mrs. Williams. I believe my money serves me better."

"If you had them you would find them inexpressibly dear to you."